



INNER-TUBING DOWN THE APPLE RIVER
RICHIE HAVENS SINGS "OTHELLO" WITH SOUL
SOUTH AFRICA: THE NEXT VIETNAM?

JUNE 1974

youth

Religious Education

EXHIBIT

MAGAZINE



BOBBING ON THE APPLE

TEXT AND PHOTOS BY SCOTT J. WITTE

For summer it was a fairly normal weekend in Somerset, a quaint French community of 780 souls settled among the rolling hills of northwestern Wisconsin. The thermometer was pushing 90 degrees, so local beer and soft drink vendors were doing a hefty business. And because the lagging breeze didn't help much to remove the season's swelter, many of the town's folk were down cooling off in the Apple River which winds through the town.

Somerset is particularly proud of the Apple, especially the six-mile stretch nearest the town. In many ways it is like most other rivers, average size, mostly calmish water with some sections of fairly respectable rapids. Average. But, especially

on those hot summer weekends, the Apple has a little something extra—30,000 to 50,000 howling, splashing, laughing, screaming, bubbling, shouting, wildly exuberant men, women and children all in a tangle of arms, legs, old tennis shoes, water and inner tubes, constituting nothing but pure fun.

You see, Somerset is unquestionably the river inner-tubing capital of the world. And with one-quarter to one-half million tube jockeys already floating down the river each year, it looks to stay that way for a long time to come.

As legend has it, about 30 years

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ago some hot, dusty Somerset native decided to truck off to the river for a swim, carrying an old inner tube along. As soon as he climbed aboard his fateful vessel, the river's current whisked him away over rapids, by wooded hillsides and through miniature canyons in a tumbling frolic of foam and fun. When it all was over a new sport had been born, and along with it Somerset's major industry. As other people started coming to enjoy the river, the people of Somerset accommodated them with inner tube rentals and facilities. And so began Somerset's long love affair with the Apple River and the inner tubes which make it special.

But the real excitement first started about ten years ago when Jack Ra-

leigh, a Minneapolis boxing promoter and owner of Somerset's largest floating operation (the River's Edge), introduced his sport writing newspaper friends to inner tubing. Like everyone else, they were immediately hooked and excited. He expounded the new sport to the readers, attracting more people, leading to national coverage, which attracted even more people. And Charles Kuralt featured the Apple River inner-tubing on his CBS News "On the Road" report. He liked it so much he stayed there four days.

Growth of inner-tubing on the Apple River has been phenomenal in these past few years. Now thousands of jockeys from all across the U.S. and Canada make pilgrimages to Som-

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Most enthusiasts rent their tubes from local suppliers—including a giant rubber beast that can seat 40 people at a crack

set for their share of the fun and excitement. But the greatest numbers still come from the Midwest. Minneapolis is only 25 miles to the west. Milwaukee is about half a day's drive away and Chicago is a little farther south.

They come in all types and sizes. As you're floating down the river you will likely pass everyone from a pipe-smoking professor to a high school or college youth taking a break from a summer job, from the most cosmopolitan socialite to a local church group or horde of cub

scouts out for an afternoon of fun. And there are few age limits, as verified by an 80-year-old grandmother who donned her swim gear and ventured down the river in the high spirit of adventure.

Many enthusiasts come with their own tubes, but most rent them from the local suppliers, including two on-the-river supper clubs, two camping-floating outfits and various gas stations around town. The tubes go for anywhere from 50 cents to \$25. The latter is for a giant rubber beast that came from some ancient earth mover



Without the efforts of volunteer clean-up crews, tubers would soon turn the Apple River into a flowing garbage dump.

and can seat 40 people at a crack.

The Apple River is ideal for tubing. It isn't too deep, only three to four feet in most places. It has a gravelly bottom that keeps the water running clear and swift enough to keep one from getting bored, but not so fast that the fainthearted need fear of getting into something they can't handle.

Attired in old shorts and beat-up tennis shoes (gravel riverbeds can play havoc with unsuspecting toes), the tube jockey takes to the water for a two-and-one-half-hour journey.

The first part of the course is generally calm water, giving the novice voyagers a chance to try out their river legs. Horseplay, water fights and good fun predominate as they enjoy themselves playing in the ever-changing, moving water hole. The river meanders through wooded groves, among rolling hills and across pasture lands, complete with contently-grazing Wisconsin dairy cows, who no longer give a second thought to the motley assortment of creatures floating by. Many groups will rent an extra tube and in it

a cooler stuffed full of soft drinks, sandwiches and snacks, turning their uncommon excursion into a truly out-of-the-ordinary picnic.

Every now and then you run into sections of rapids. Nothing spectacular, but enough to bounce you around and whet your appetite for what's to come.

What's to come is the event in the center of town known as "The Falls," where the Apple's real fame is built. When you enter Somerset the river narrows, flowing faster as the banks steepen into cliffs—a miniature canyon. You and a couple hundred other people are in the midst of rapids, tumbling and tossing about on a wild and foamy roller coaster ride. There would be no turning back now, even if you wanted to.

Then come the falls—three of them, each one or two feet high. Sliding over the first is easy, just a little bump. But when you plunge over the next two the water pulls you completely under, tube and all, popping back up again a second later. It's like falling into the river or being swamped by a wave, but with a lot more bounce and excitement.

More rapids and finally the entire river funnels into a shoot about ten feet wide, where there is only the white fury and whoever or whatever it happens to drag along with it, and no bouncing up or down. Then, suddenly, you're out of it all and in tranquil waters again.

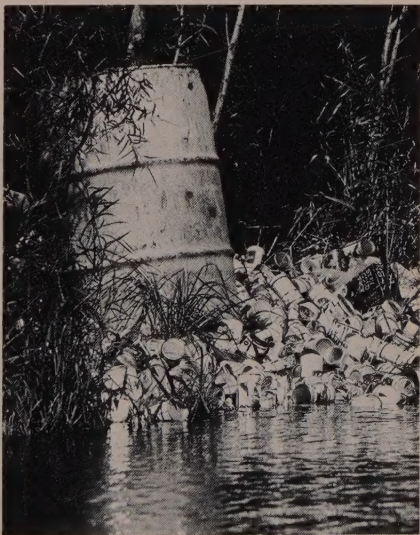
It takes a pretty fair tube jockey

to go through all that and still remain upright on his oval!

Should all this seem a little too much, the timid floater can portage around it. But that way you miss all the fun. And there has never been a fatality in all the years inner-tubing has been around on the Apple.

If you have the courage to try it again—and most tubers do—you get off the river, walk back to the head of the rapids and keep running them as long as you like. They'll likely wear you out before you do them.

Should you want to do the entire trip again, just jump one of the frequent buses back to the top. The ride is free all day with most tube rentals, and if not, the fare is nominal. If you are tubing the lower part of the



river, in which case you start at the falls, you will have the honor of riding an inner-tubing chairlift back up. It is the only such horizontal lift in the world and cost Somerset \$50,000. Renting your tube there (for about \$2) gets you the rides for free. In fact, floaters are encouraged to come early and take several trips. Somerset wants its visitors to have the best time possible.

But what of those to whom all this is madness? Fear not. By putting in above or below the most heavily-traveled parts, it is entirely possible to be alone, for at least a while, free to lay back and allow the river's cooling current carry your troubles and worries away, letting you take time to really appreciate the beauti-

ful Wisconsin countryside as the river gently sways you in serene unhurried calmness.

As you float carelessly along you may notice a nasty menace on the Apple River—pollution. Not the usual chemical or biological type but something strictly brought on by the floaters themselves—beer cans. Literally thousands of them. These discarded empties are a great nuisance for the people of Somerset. They feel a moral responsibility to keep the river clean, and they do their best. But not long ago cleaning the river once or twice a year was sufficient. Today they have to rejuvenate it five, even six times each season. Despite warnings, signs and pleas, it seems many people



really don't care.

When a cleaning becomes necessary the dam upriver shuts off much of the water flow for four hours. Each of the seven members of the Floaters Association, made up of the different floating outfits, gets responsibility for cleaning a section of the river. Sometimes a 4-H group, boys' schools or other groups will exchange help for a free day of tubing. They all pitch into the mop-up operation, pulling out aluminum cans and whatever else is foreign—200 pairs of lost eye glasses for instance. When the river is once again purified, the dam re-opens its gates and the groups spend the rest of the day enjoying the fruits of their labors. Without these efforts, tubers would soon turn the Apple River into a flowing garbage dump.

Then there is the problem of erosion. The patter of a million or so feet on one small patch of ground (around "The Falls") is a little more than Mom Nature had intended when she built the Apple's river banks there. To keep from losing it all, Somerset has put up concrete embankments where needed, black-topped sensitive paths, and established a durable beaching place for easier access to the river and less erosion than there would be climbing up and down the steep banks.

Every summer brings more and more converts to be baptized into inner-tubing by the Apple's frothy waters. For most people, once they've tried it they can't get enough.



It takes a pretty fair tube jockey to go through all of it and still remain upright on his oval.

They're even clamoring to get lights on the river, extending floating hours long into the night.

Perhaps the ultimate gesture of loyalty to the sport are the few but dedicated floaters in wet suits who have been seen plying down the river in the dead of winter. Fanatical, perhaps, but anyone who has come to know Apple River inner-tubing can understand. □

a summer quenche

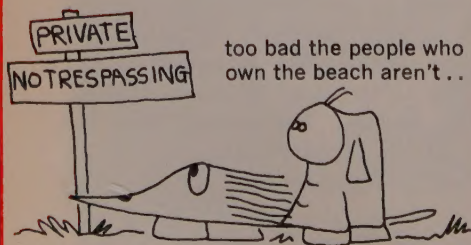
a collection of
transparencies by
Doug Brunner



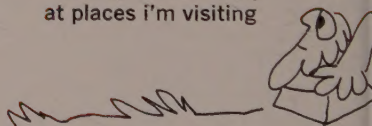
the water looks so
inviting . . .



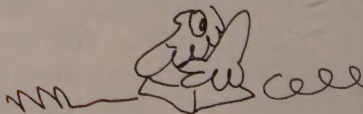
too bad the people who
own the beach aren't . . .



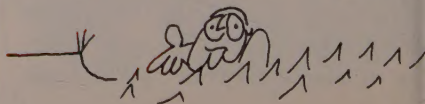
i usually write a diary
at places i'm visiting



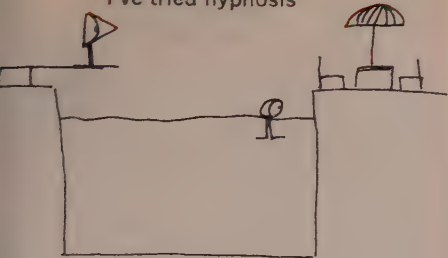
but i've been doing
so much swimming



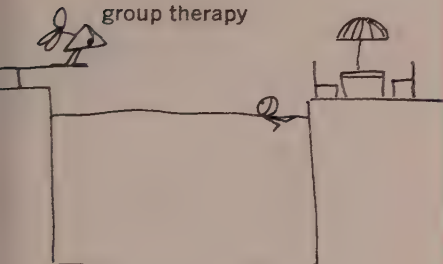
i'm keeping a water log . . .



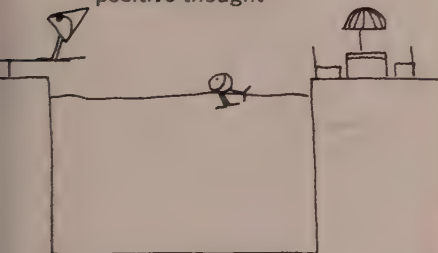
i've tried hypnosis



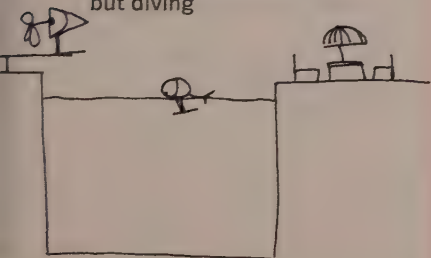
group therapy



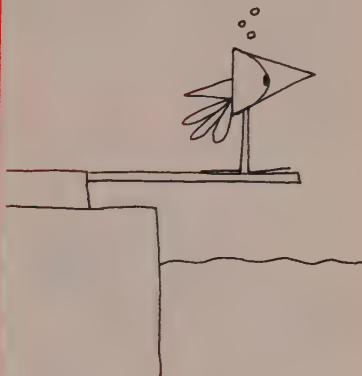
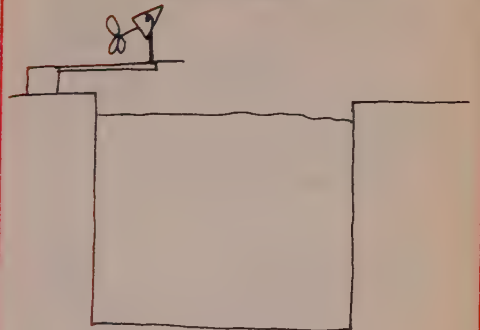
positive thought



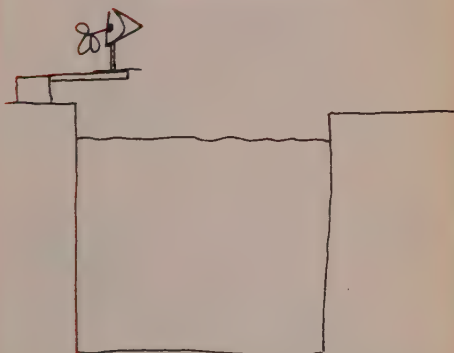
i've tried everything
but diving



i have nothing to fear
but fear itself



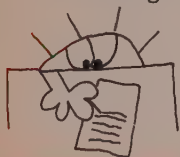
actually that's enough



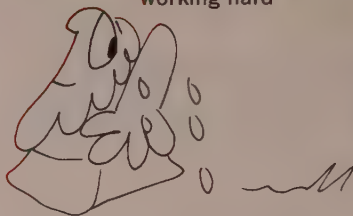
don't feel guilty
about sending me
to camp



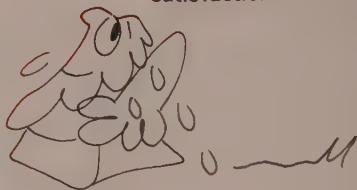
i'm sure you
didn't realize what
a miserable time
i'd be having



sweating used to
mean you were
working hard



there was even a
sense of
satisfaction in it



i was in school
all winter ...



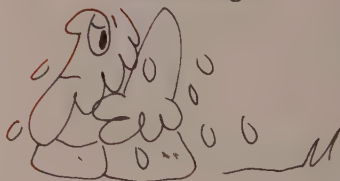
now i'm being
sent to camp



i need a vacation



now it means
you're not working
hard enough



to afford air
conditioning



summer is a time to
substitute the
"want to"



for the "have to"



everyone here is wearing
shades so it's impossible to
tell who's looking
at whom



what a sad sight

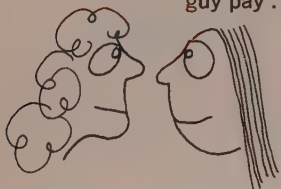


i wear my shades
because they cut down
on glare

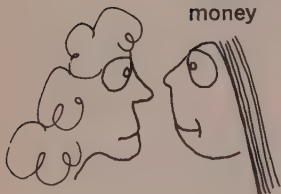


especially at night

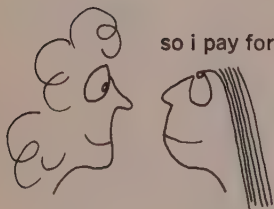
i've learned that
when you let a
guy pay . . .



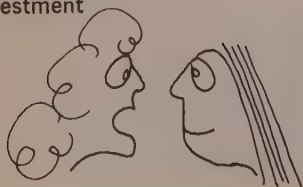
he expects a
return on his
money



so i pay for myself



it's a very sound
investment



we already know
the story



girl meets boy,
they fall in love



make each other
miserable and
split



why bother . . .



i like the details





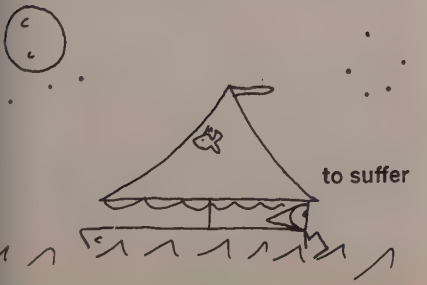
it's a beautiful
night



but i have
no one
to share it with



sure it's still a
beautiful night



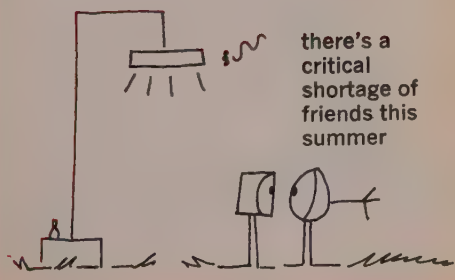
to suffer



i love you you don't even
know me



i love the
unknown



there's a
critical
shortage of
friends this
summer

DIGGING UNDER THE SAND

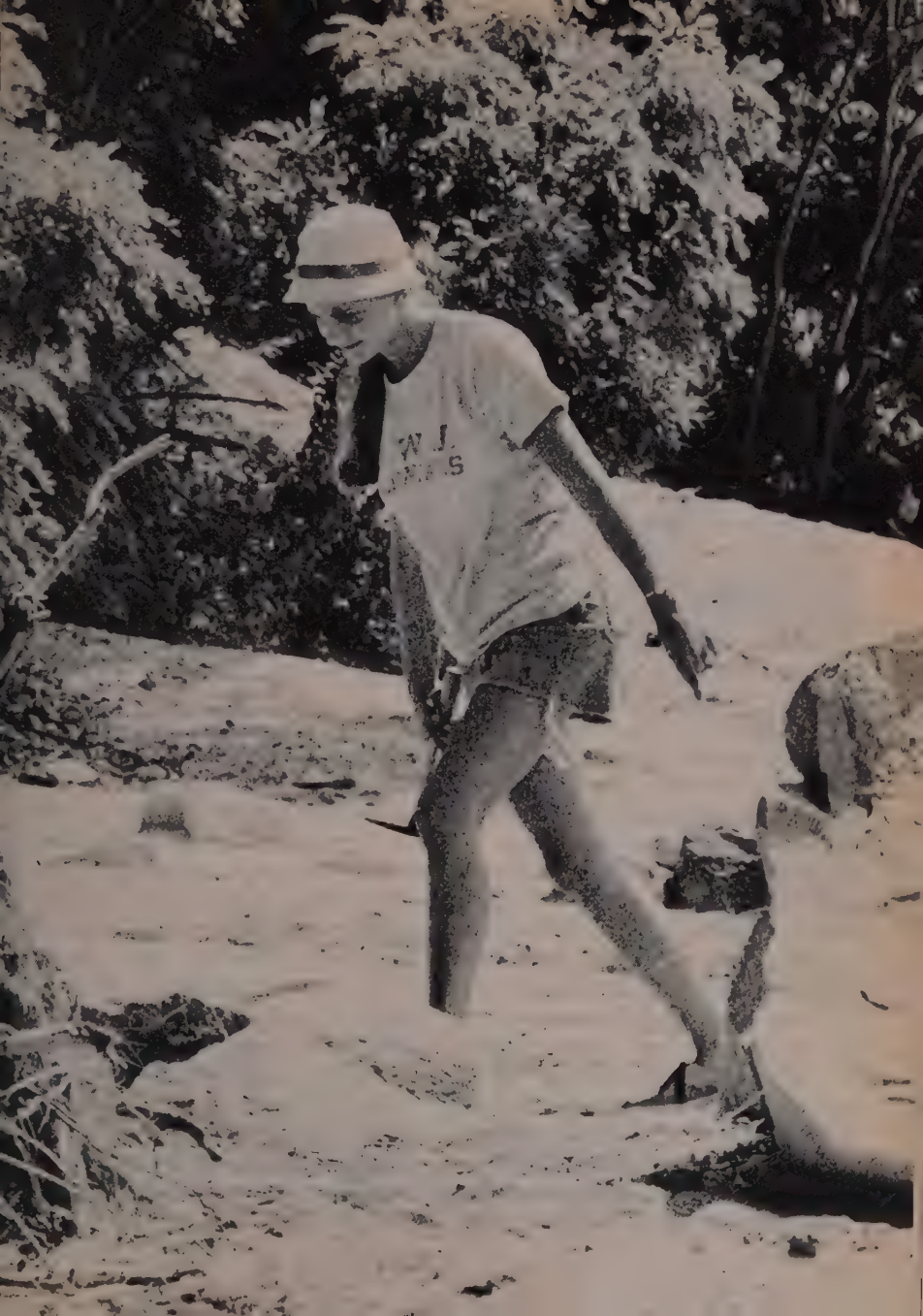
TEXT BY EILEEN STUKANE
PHOTOS BY RUTH BERNAL

Every summer Mimi Cattrall brings children close to nature. She turns them on to earth and water in the same way that she was inspired at age five in Cold Spring Harbor, N.Y. In the scenic waterfront town, the Cattralls enrolled their daughter in the Nature Study Program sponsored by Cold Spring Harbor Laboratory, a multi-million-dollar research center. That was it. Mimi could not tear

Eileen Stukane is a free-lance writer for national music magazines and a contributor to *MS Magazine* and *The News*, New York City's largest circulation newspaper.

Ruth Bernal is a New York photographer.





herself away—and 14 years ago, before ecology and pollution made the headlines, scientifically-oriented children were fewer and further between.

Now, at 19, Mimi is beginning her second year as a staff teacher for the program and, in comparison, she finds greater environmental concern among kids today than when she was a student. Sadly, she sees less of the Long Island marine life that once populated local waters. "We used to get a tremendous variety of fish in the fresh water lakes around here and now there are mostly catfish, which are scavengers who thrive on garbage," Mimi says resignedly.

Cold Spring Harbor, on the north shore of Long Island, is near Huntington, where Mimi and her older sister, Leslee, 22, grew up. The harbor itself is part of Long Island Sound, a wide Atlantic Ocean inlet with too many recreational boats and not enough of a once prosperous shell fish industry. Living with the Sound and learning at the Lab, Mimi and Leslee had the chance to observe and collect all types of sea and shore specimens—fish, plants, insects, shells, fossils, minerals, rocks, and yes, even garbage. They became so enthralled with nature that now they are both pre-med majors at the University of Chicago, but that doesn't mean that they definitely want to be doctors. Mimi's interests lean towards archaeology and geology, learning about the past to plan for the future. A growing woman, Mimi is in a unique position for someone

Besides learning about rocks and minerals, they are discovering ways people pollute.

her age—at 19, she can pass on the need for environmental heritage to open-minded students, and having spent 14 years tending nature's changes, she has definite opinions.

I met Mimi on a scorching summer's day when she was lecturing 14 ten- and eleven-year-olds on the weathering of rocks. Her classroom was inside a cavernous, old, white, wood frame house called "Jones Lab," a weather-vaned building that faces the lapping waters of the harbor. At the other end of the structure, Leslee Catrall assembled her class in Seashore Life. The girls are two in a total of nine instructors for the Nature Study Program and they each teach four courses a summer. Almost all of the educating is done outdoors, and that morning Mimi's geology class gathered up their prospecting tools and headed out in search of weathered rocks. In her cut-off jeans, old college T-shirt, and with her long blond hair pulled back, Mimi looks like she is only taking a casual stroll along the shoreline. But then she stops, cracks open a rock with her hammer, and displays the imprint of a fossilized twig on the stone's interior. The children are encouraged and they



Mimi Cattrall teaches a summer course at the Cold Spring Harbor Laboratory, a multi-million-dollar research center.

begin to tap at unearthed rocks, while hoping to find a treasure.

"I try to teach kids how to live outside, understand it, and not destroy it," Mimi explains. "Very often, especially in a geology class, they'll pick up a piece of pipe, porcelain, burnt garbage, and thinking it's a special rock, they'll ask me what it is. When I tell them, 'it's garbage,' they become aware that there's an awful lot here and that it isn't good."

The Cold Spring Harbor Nature Study Program is open to anyone from first grade through high school, and Mimi and Leslee have taken every course that's been offered.

From age five to 12, Mimi was purely a student, at 13 she became an instructor's assistant, and then at 18 she was a salaried staff member, responsible for up to 20 pupils at a time. Now, she and Leslee teach general nature study classes and courses in their specialties—geology for Mimi, and seashore life for Leslee. (Once Leslee taught a geology class, but only after taking a few tips on the subject from Mimi.) Other instructors on the program include local high school science teachers and biologists, so the Cattralls are in good company.

The morning session over, Mimi



A steep hill does not slow up Mimi and her young geology class.

prepares for her afternoon elementary geology class. Soon a rambunctious group of eight- and nine-year-olds will be here for two-and-a-half hours. By the end of this course, each child should have a complete rock and mineral collection, and it is Mimi's job to show them just what geological specimens are available on Long Island. That day we are all going to Garvie's Point at Hempstead Harbor to find the minerals pyrite and marcasite. Carrying hammers, shovels, and pails, our hardy band trudges along the beach, past the sunbathing bodies, to an isolated area where Mimi indicates clay de-

"I try to teach kids how to live outside, understand nature, and not destroy it."

posits and lignite, a soft coal. If everyone digs deep underneath the lignite, they should find pyrite, Mimi informs them, and that is the best news they have heard. Nothing like a bunch of eight-year-olds being told to purposely get muddy—they all relish the thought. Of course, every hole that is dug has to be refilled to preserve the beach.

Then it starts, as the children explore down into the sand, they find other things besides pyrite—they come up with a penknife, a withered deck of playing cards, soda bottles—and their lesson takes on a deeper dimension. Besides learning about rocks and minerals, they are discovering the way people pollute. One parent who has come along on the field trip turns and remarks, "These classes make my son aware of what's happening to nature and what it could be. He's nine years old and I don't think he'll ever be a polluter. When he saw a newspaper picture of garbage left in a field after a music festival he was horrified."

Mimi explains where everything comes from, pyrite, penknife, and all. Later, when her classes were over, she sat outside on the grass and discussed her feelings a little further.



Digging beneath the surface of the beach on Long Island, they discover wildlife the students had never seen.

"There's a lot more around you than just what you immediately see. At first kids say, 'Okay, here is sand and here is water, and that's it.' It's only a beach.' Then after you get them to recognize all the different types of animals and plants and the inter-relationships of the communities, they open their eyes and look, really look. Occasionally I'll run into one of the students at the beach and he'll be finding things, and telling his parents and friends, 'You know, there's a lot more here than just sand and water.'"

Then Leslee joins the conversation and they both agree that al-

though there is a lot to see, kids today will experience less than they did. The amount of marine life has pitifully decreased over the years, and it is more difficult to give children first-hand looks at nature. "I have an enormous shell collection," says Leslee, "and I found every specimen in that collection on the sand spit near Jones Lab. Now I have to go to other parts of Long Island to find them because certain shell fish can't survive here anymore. Delicate jingle shells literally decay because they cannot produce a sturdy enough shell anymore. The material they need is not in the water. Your

scavenger animals, the ones that thrive in polluted waters, abound. The beach algae, like sea lettuce, which flourish in fairly polluted water, never used to be as abundant as they are now. At the same time, the frailer weeds, like polysiphonia which looks like beautiful bright red lace, are gone." And Mimi adds, "I remember that about seven years ago the sand spit was very clean; people cared about the way it looked. Now you go down there and there's garbage strewn all over the place from people coming in the harbor in boats, having weekend picnics. You can see it's really sad. There's a concentration of gasoline in the water and there was also trouble in one of the lakes from DDT."

As they continued to talk, Mimi and Leslee reach the conclusion that children will lose enthusiasm for the ecological movement if they never get a chance to see that life can be saved. "You can bring them a shell or show them something in a book, but if they haven't found it themselves, they don't know exactly what it needs to survive," Leslee explains. "If it's not there to turn them on, they might miss out altogether, they might not stick with it like we did. Mimi and I saw and touched and then, oh, oh, it's gone. There used to be terrapins (turtles) sitting out in the mud flats just like chips in a super chocolate chip cookie. Now, absolutely gone!"

Mimi is a little more optimistic, "You can't, yourself, go and actually

"Once you see the natural life that could be saved, your enthusiasm for ecology rises."

find certain things, but I think there still are enough available resources to make the program worthwhile. In teaching, you have to think of ways to change your planned subject to things such as rock cycles. Have the kids sit down and make charts with tiny specimens like ferns and plants; they can go through different coals and then, eventually, just draw a picture of a diamond. You have to substitute for the things we found."

Since their desire to let people know about nature is so strong, the Catrall sisters may wind up as environmental education teachers after all. "Pure research is not all that valuable unless you can communicate it," says Leslee. "If I can turn one kid on the way I got turned on, I will be happy. That's everything, absolutely everything."

"I feel like getting more kids turned on than just one, get as many as I possibly can," Mimi responds. "I think it's just great if I can share my own enthusiasm about nature with these kids and get other people to feel as enthusiastic as I do. One thing I definitely want to do in life is to work with other people, and if it involves helping them get rid of their sicknesses, that's one way, but



In the fall and winter, Mimi goes to college to prepare for her ambitions in geology and archaeology.

my real interest isn't biology, it's science . . . teaching and helping people to learn, especially about the outdoors and what's around them."

There have been funny experiences, like the time Leslee took a class to the salt marshes and one student spent the entire afternoon examining every *mating* pair of horseshoe crabs that he could find. Or there was the time that a class of Mimi's got suctioned into the mud and to their great delight, they had to messily drag each other out. "I have found from teaching that I learn a lot about people and the way kids react to different situations,"

says Mimi. "For instance, I found that if I have a student who is somewhat of a problem, or seems to be totally bored, or is cranky, and wants to go home to mommy, sometimes it just seems like he will react so much better if I treat him with a bit of compassion rather than if I just get angry at him. It also helps to give students like that some responsibility, to send them on special missions to find something."

Mimi and Leslee know so much about their particular surroundings that the makeup of nearby lakes, harbors, and marshes is part of their everyday conversation. Boyfriends

"If I can turn one kid on the way I got turned on, I will be happy."

who try to impress either one of them during romantic walks on a beach will probably lose out to the shells along the way. Nature has captured them and they feel the need to study, conserve and preserve it.

Mimi shakes her head and says how she wishes more kids her age would take an interest in understanding nature. Anyone who has the desire to learn can write to: Sierra Club, 220 Bush Street, San Francisco, California 94104 or The National Audubon Society, 950 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Both organizations will put you in touch with local chapters or clubs in your community that advocate natural conservation. Also, state and national parks have some of the best naturalists working for them, and you can often visit the different directors, ask them to explain the area and maybe show you around.

Now that she is attuned to the life of Long Island beaches, Mimi has dreams of exploring foreign shores. Africa and Antarctica intrigue her, and who knows, perhaps someday *National Geographic* will be reporting on the discoveries of Mimi Cattrall, geologist, archaeologist, and adventurer. □





Touch And GO

Thanks Again

I used to get YOUTH through my church youth group. However, I no longer belong to the youth group, but would very much like to receive the magazine. I thoroughly enjoy each issue. I have even written to the Bureau of Indian Affairs asking how I may get involved in helping to relieve some of the plight of the Indians. Thank you for publishing that special issue on the Native Americans in November 1973.

—P. M., East Hartford, Conn.

What's The Point?

Maybe I'm dense, but I've been counting on you to make an interesting magazine that would help me lead my students to a deep appreciation of our God as both Lord and Father. I feel like crying "foul" over the February 1974 issue. Quotes like "I never go to church to ask God to help me to win . . . You're the only one who can—with hard work." was not challenged at all. It takes both. Ladylike as Ms. Magnussen is, I'm sure that her whole being has wanted to win, whether she made formal prayer in church or not; and that the Lord has answered those prayers. Yes, Doug Brunner brought up some points, but they made little sense without the frame of reference. Also the same with the "Fish and the Sea." Debbie Bruce and Arlo Guthrie are more glorification of humans and what is supposedly their talent and hard work. Let's give credit where it is due. Omnipotent God or omnipotent human? Hard work isn't the whole answer. Let's tell it like it is.

—M. R., Grants, N. M.

Learning About Native Americans

I want to thank you for the November 1973 issue on "The Native Americans," which was for me the best treatment I have seen of a subject in great need of attention. Here in Japan there is interest among the youth trying to learn English in the careful way in which you gave space for Native American youth to present their point of view. The pictures, too, were outstanding.

—P.B., Aomori-ken, Japan

From Abroad

I am a Youth for Understanding foreign exchange student who has lived with a family in Sweden for about eight months. My family in the States has just sent me about six back issues of YOUTH and the November issue on the American Indians has especially interested me.

The people I've met and talked with in Sweden are immensely interested in and very curious about the struggle of the Indians in America right now. Swedes seem more concerned about American Indians than Americans do.

I have felt very much at a loss in the past because when they begin asking me questions like "What is happening now at Wounded Knee?" I knew absolutely nothing. It is especially embarrassing because my great-grandmother was a full-blooded Cherokee and I know almost nothing about my own culture. Your issue helped me out quite a bit.

—T. H., Kage, Sweden

The prayer on pages 32-33 is written by Alan Paton, a famous South African novelist, leader in the reform movement in his country, and a world-respected philosopher. He is best known as the author of *Cry, the Beloved Country* and *Too Late the Phalarope*. He was recently taken off the "banned" list on which his name appeared for activities in the name of justice in South Africa.



survival of the fittest
is dependent on who
can laugh the longest



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comes with
a 30-day
guarantee

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Right before I dove into the wave, I heard my dad's assistant pastor yell, "Don't do it, Erling!"

I surfaced quickly, and after getting the salt water and hair out of my eyes, I looked around to make sure that everyone had come up okay. Paul and my brother seemed to have managed all right when that huge wave rolled over us, but my dad was nowhere in sight. The waves had been great for body surfing but

they were so rough that we had all been kept busy fighting the undertow. The danger made it all the more exhilarating, and we were having a wonderful time.

My exuberant and uninhibited father exclaimed several times, "Wow, this feels great! I love it!"

But where was he now? I felt panic rising inside of me when I couldn't see him anywhere. I scanned the water waiting for him to

'KRISTI, YOU SAVED MY LIFE!'

A true story by Kristi Wold

surface and checked the beach and shoreline. The sparkling beauty of the Southern California coastline was fantastic on that August day. Certainly nothing bad could happen on such a beautiful afternoon, I thought, especially during this long-awaited family vacation.

I heard myself saying, "Please God, please God, please . . ." over and over.

After a long time, I saw him

floating toward me on his stomach, his face down in the water. It took me a while to realize that he wasn't moving and I thought for sure he was dead. I reached for him afraid that the current would carry him away. When I got my arm under him, he hung against it limply, his body dead weight and without any movement.

Another heavy wave broke over us and I almost lost him, but I knew I'd never let him go unless I went with him. I managed to get a footing again and held us against the riptide. Extra strength flowed through me and I turned him over on his back.

When I saw his face, my heart squeezed and I felt like fainting. He was bluish in color, his eyes staring, and I noticed that his upper front teeth were broken off in jagged points. The top of his head was bloody and all the skin was off.

"Dad," I cried in terror, "can you breathe?"

He could hardly speak and whispered, "I'm numb all over. Get Mom."

Kristi Wold, 23, now a student at California State University, Fullerton, tells how two years ago her father broke his neck while body surfing at Laguna Beach, Calif. He was completely paralyzed. How he learned to walk again is told by Kristi's parents in their book, *What Do I Have To Do, Break My Neck?* (Augsburg Publishing House, 1974). Kristi's father, Rev. Erling Wold, is pastor of the American Lutheran Church in Garden Grove, Calif., and her mother, Dr. Margaret Wold, is Executive Director of the national ALC women. Here is Kristi's story.

When I knew that he was still alive, all I could think about was getting help and getting him to shore before the current pulled us out any farther. At this point I was up to my neck in water and having a hard time keeping my balance.

I yelled to Paul who was about twenty-five feet away with my brother, Erling. It was ages before they reached us. Together we pulled Dad toward shore. Mom ran from the beach right into the water, clothes and all.

When she saw how Dad looked, but that he was conscious and able to speak, she told us that he had apparently broken his neck, so Erling held Dad's head carefully while the rest of us pulled him out to shallow water. Paul gave him mouth-to-mouth resuscitation and I started screaming for help and crying hysterically. People streamed towards us from all over the beach. We made a stretcher out of our hands and carried him up higher on the beach away from the cold water. Someone covered him with beach towels and someone else brought a beach umbrella to shade him.

There were usually no life guards on that beach during the week but three of them miraculously appeared in a jeep and one of them packed Dad's neck with sand to keep his head from moving. Mom knelt in the sand beside them telling Dad that everything was going to be all right.

I wondered how she could be so calm, when all the time I could hear

myself babbling incoherently and felt myself shaking all over. I couldn't believe that in a matter of seconds our moments of fun had been transformed into this tragedy. The immediacy of death doesn't become real until it strikes someone you love most dearly.

As I stood sobbing, comforted by a woman on the beach, my thoughts were focused on one aching desire, "God, I've never really gotten to *know* him, and if he dies, I'll never have that chance!"

Unfortunately, it seems as though the majority of our time is spent "earning a living" at a job or preparing for a job through school. In the meantime, this hustling pace leaves no chance for "getting to know" our family and friends. All the years I had lived with my dad I had never discovered his feelings about himself. As my father lay on the beach, I realized the importance of human relationships. Death is a fact of life. Once it occurs, all chances for further communication with that person end.

The weeks following the accident were filled with nightmares. I kept imagining, "*What if* I had let my dad go? *What if* he had floated past me?" I would visualize his limp body being carried by me on a wave as I stood there helpless. Sweating and crying, I woke shaking from these dreams.

Fear gripped me in other ways, too. While driving on the freeway, panic came with the feeling that

soon I would faint and crash into the center divider. At other times my fears could not be so easily pinpointed, and they would appear for no particular reason. Not until I concentrated on the fact that I had *not* lost him but had actually been given the privilege of saving my father's life, did the nightmares cease. This thought filled me with gratitude. Even though I knew that my parents had not brought me up with the expectation that I owed them a debt of gratitude, I rejoiced that such a neat opportunity had been given to me to demonstrate my love and appreciation. The thought overwhelmed me with joy.

During the two months of my father's hospitalization there were many opportunities for conversation. For a while I was embarrassed by his demonstrations of joy whenever he saw me. He would greet me with the words, "Kristi, you are my savior. Thank you, thank you for saving my life."

Because of his words to me, I began to understand in a new way the dimensions of God's love for me. The joy I felt in being able to save one human life was certainly very insignificant up against the love of God which reaches out to give salvation and wholeness to an often

uncaring world of humans.

The grace of God was an abstract term to me before this happened. Now I learned that what it really means is that God is always around even turning tragedy into something good. Our family was never closer together; people never seemed more loving, and God was never closer.

As a child, I felt secure and protected in my family of seven but not until this moment on the beach did I realize that my father was a human being capable of weakness, not the idealized "tower of continuing strength" I had imagined him to be.

I learned to know my father as a human being with the same needs and strengths which all human beings have. Previously, I had always idolized him, and although he was no less a man of God, he became more than that—a wonderful human being, no better and no worse than I am.

That's a whole new way of relating to parents, and I like it that way. We all have something to give to each other, whether we are the parent or the child.

In my case it was a very dramatic exchange of gifts. I was given the privilege of giving life to my father as a return gift for the physical and spiritual life he had given me. □

"As I stood sobbing on the beach, my thoughts focused on one desire, 'I've never really gotten to know him, and if he dies, I won't have that chance!'"

LORD, STRENGTHEN US IN
SAVE US FROM A RETREAT
CALL US OUT OF THE SHE
THE ROOFS, EVEN IF DAY
FIRE. HELP US TO REBUILD
DOWN, AND TO PUT OUT THE
DESTROY US ALL. REBUKE
TEACH US RATHER TO KEEP
WHO NEED IT. MAY WE RE
OF VIOLENCE AND PANIC, A
AND MERCY AND UNDERST
AND MAY WE THIS COMING
SOME WORK OF PEACE F

THESE TROUBLOUS TIMES.
TO HATRED OR DESPAIR.
AND SEND US UP TO
NIGHT WE ARE UNDER
THE HOUSE THAT IS BROKEN
GAMES BEFORE THEY
FOR ANY SELF-PITY, AND
OUR PITY FOR OTHERS
IN CALM IN THE MIDST
MAY REASON AND LOVE
VG RULE OUR LIVES.
Y BE ABLE TO DO
FREE.

ALAN
PATON



Catch My Soul

The tragedy of "Othello" is played out in a New Mexico commune

In the past few years it has not been unusual to see new versions of old classics — films such as "Lost Horizon" or, more notably, "Godspell" and "Jesus Christ Superstar." And it's long been a favorite trick of Broadway producers to take tried-and-true successes such as "Taming of the Shrew" or "Pygmalion" and change them into modern musicals such as "Kiss Me Kate" or "My Fair Lady." Yet to take a classical Shakespearean tragedy such as "Othello" and to bring it into the present century—complete with a modern folk/rock/gospel music

score — is a formidable task. "Catch My Soul," starring Richie Havens, does just that. The film keeps the tragedy and language of the original "Othello" intact, adding at points from other Shakespeare plays and the King James Bible, while translating its setting and roles into 20th-century idiom.

In Shakespeare's tragedy, written in 1604, Othello is a Moorish general who wins the love of and marries a lady named Desdemona by telling her of his great exploits as a military leader. In "Catch My Soul," Othello is a traveling evangelist and young Desdemona a

member of a commune in New Mexico. Othello succeeds in converting many members of the commune, and after baptizing them, invites them to help him restore a ruined chapel. The villain in both versions is Iago, a man who uses deceit and treachery to bring about the downfall of Othello. In "Catch My Soul" he is the leader of the commune, a Charles Manson-style self-proclaimed Satan, who is angered when Othello appoints Cassio, a reformed alcoholic, to be his deacon. In Shakespeare's drama, Iago is enraged when his general appoints Cassio his lieutenant.

*Preacherman you better dig
yourself a hole
The devil's on your track
He's gonna Catch Your Soul . . .
Preacherman you better
Run for your life
The devil's gonna get you
And your new white wife!
I'm gonna set you on fire, boy!*

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With the help of his friends, a rock group referred to as the "tribe of Hell," Iago succeeds in getting Cassio drunk and blamed for the fire which destroys Othello's newly-restored chapel. Othello, outraged at human weakness and vulnerability, informs Desdemona that they are leaving society behind to move into a

canyon and become hermits.

Iago, however, is not so easily shaken from his prey. Following Othello and Desdemona into the canyon in his black-painted bus, Iago brings his cohorts and Cassio, saying he will restore Cassio to Othello's good graces. From this point forward he succeeds in convincing Othello that Desdemona and Cassio have committed adultery.

*Why did I marry, tell me why,
Please tell me why.
Is it because my face is black?
Or for I'm declined into the
'vale of years?
And that's not much.
She's gone and I'm abused,
And my relief must be to lose her.*

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Othello renounces his calling as a preacher and becomes a pawn in Iago's hands. In the tragic finale he murders Desdemona despite her protestations of innocence. Too late, Othello becomes aware at last of how he has been deceived when Iago's helpmate Emilia, tells him about the trick she and Iago have played on him. Enraged, he struggles with Iago, receiving a mortal wound. Yet before Othello dies he sees that the purpose of life is not to demand perfection of others but to give and receive compassionate love.



Othello interrupts the schemings of Iago and Emilia.

Othello's challenger is a self-proclaimed Satan, in the character of Iago, making their contest a match between heaven and hell."

"Love is the most vulnerable thing about people. And if it gets destroyed by politics . . . all we have for is lost," says folk singer Richie Havens while reflecting upon his role as Othello. He believes the contemporary character he plays wages a far more complex struggle than was faced by the traditional Othello in Shakespeare's play. "In the original," explains Havens, "the adversaries were military men and the politics were between man and man. In 'Catch My Soul,' Othello's challenger is a self-proclaimed Satan, and this makes their contest a

match between heaven and hell." But, he continues, "It's human feelings, not political causes that mean something. That's why I try to exchange personal feelings with audiences around the world—and my music is the most universal way I know of exchanging feelings with other people."

Lance LeGault recreated in his role of Iago for the film version of "Catch My Soul" the characterization that brought him acclaim on the London stage for two years. "Shakespeare knew human nature as very few other men did," he asserts. "He made Iago the great-



Othello and Desdemona enjoy a tender moment together.

Desdemona, as a flower child, has an open and thorough acceptance of people as they are.

est actor in the world. The audience knows that 'honest Iago' is acting out exquisitely his own darkly-conceived role. They sense that, like him, we are all actors, because there is a little of Iago in all of us. Because we can make that slight identification, we don't despise Othello for his failing, as we certainly would if he had been deceived by a less cunning villain."

Season Hubley, who played Desdemona, and Susan Tyrrell, who portrayed Emilia, reflect upon the women's liberation interpretation of the characters they played. "Desdemona is a victim of

male domination," asserts Season, a promising young actress of 21. "Numbed by the realization that her husband no longer believes in her, she couldn't care less about her rights." Season, who lived in a commune herself for awhile, explains that Desdemona is what the flower children were trying to be. "But with Desdemona it's not just another try. Her natural personality is a paradoxical union of impressionability and purity." Susan feels, on the other hand, that being free from convention doesn't liberate a woman. "Take Emilia for instance," she says. "She lives

in a commune, but although her days are free from the problems of city life, she is completely enslaved by her devotion to her husband Iago." The outspoken young actress who earned an Academy Award nomination for her performance as the alcoholic Oma in John Huston's "Fat City," believes that being a liberated woman is basically a combination of art and wisdom. "The wisdom to know what your choices really are . . . and the art of choosing carefully from among the possibilities," emphasizes Susan.

Country singer and composer Tony Joe White who hit the million-seller charts with his "Rainy Night in Georgia," made his motion picture debut portraying Cassio in "Catch My Soul." White, along with Richie Havens, Delaney Bramlett, Allene Lubin and The Family Lotus, Emile Dean Zoghby, Ray Pohlman and Jack Good, wrote the music for the film. The direction was done by Patrick McGoochan, considered one of today's finest Shakespearean actors, who made this movie his debut as a film director.

Jack Good, who wrote the screenplay for "Catch My Soul," is an Englishman who first saw "Othello" when he was nine years old. He vowed then to become an actor and be in the play one day. He did just that while studying at Oxford. Then in 1956, after producing rock TV shows for the BBC

in England and "Shindig" for ABC in the States, he wrote the stage version of "Catch My Soul." It was presented in Los Angeles and then taken to London for a two-year run. The film is really his creation as well. In addition to writing the screenplay, he served as producer, and generally worked closely with director Patrick McGoochan to put together the cast for the movie. Frederic A. Brussat, editor of the **Cultural Information Service** talked to Mr. Good about his intentions in the film.

Could you explain the reasons behind your lifelong interest in "Othello?"

I've often wondered what it is and have concluded that it is my fascination with the tragedy of a man who seeks perfection in his relationships with others. Othello's downfall is that he cannot accept any falling off from his standards of perfection—first, in his wife, Desdemona; later, in himself. We must learn to love other people the way they are, not the way we would like them to be and, almost as important, we must learn to love ourselves while still accepting our fallen creaturehood. That theme seems to be as relevant today as it was in Shakespeare's time.

How do you justify the shift in Othello's role from a military man to a religious leader?

Well, in the 17th century, a general was ipso facto a man of nobility, respected for his position. Today that isn't necessarily so — making war is not looked upon as such an honorable profession. I thought we could get down to the basics of the drama if we made Othello a religious leader who was perfectly capable of realizing the forces of evil against him. Secondly, there are more references to God, man, the devil, heaven and hell in "Othello" than in any of Shakespeare's other plays. For these reasons, it seemed to me a good thing to make Othello a Christian evangelist, a modern leader. Also, in contemporary terms, there are surely more black religious leaders than there are black generals.

Why did you keep the Shakespearean language?

Well, for one thing, Shakespeare has put so many ideas so succinctly and so beautifully—it is very difficult to reproduce them as well in modern language. But a more crucial reason is that we wanted to make it clear that there are two levels to the film: on one level, it is a contemporary musical, but on another level, it is timeless—it's about the condition of man. This is really a modern morality play, and the language helps because it gives the movie some distance. It doesn't sound or feel like an ordinary film.

Why did you set the film in a New Mexico commune?

I think that the commune is really a microcosm of the larger society. This commune is not meant to be an accurate or realistic portrayal of communal life in New Mexico—it is simply allowing the writer and the director the occasion to look at life in a concentrated form because the people are living together all the time; their problems become more intense.

Since you see "Catch My Soul" as a morality play, could you share with us some of your ideas behind the characters?

The whole film should be seen in symbolic terms. For instance, Tony Joe White's Cassio is in a sense Everyman — looking for something, torn between self-indulgence and genuine love. He's a good man who needs an example. The terrible thing that Othello does is to not forgive him —this throws him into the hands of Iago.

Desdemona was deliberately toned down in the film—her principal characteristic is an open and thorough acceptance of people as they are. She lives a quiet life and doesn't really have too much to say. But she is definitely the lover in the film. Her one crucial action is to take the dagger from Othello's hand in the end. And I think that shows the whole point: life can be justified by any moment in time.



Othello, the preacher man, urges Iago to renounce Satan.

"It doesn't help to try to run from hell. It can be right next door. Hell is anywhere evil talks and love and compassion are lacking."

What is the symbolic meaning of Iago's black bus?

Oddly enough, the director Patrick McGoochan and I came up with the idea of the bus almost simultaneously. I don't think either of us completely analyzed what it was about at first. But, given that, I think that the bus with all its windows painted black suggests the fact that evil can't see in and can't look out—it's very claustrophobic. You can get caught up in it and not know where in hell, literally, you are going. In a rural environment like that of the film, it can also suggest the intrusion of a

machine — the machine taking over and making life mechanical, less than human. The black bus is also a symbol of pollution. And, of course, it's moveable—hell can be anywhere. It doesn't help to try to run from it. It can be right next door. Hell is anywhere evil talks and where love and compassion are lacking.

Some people will call this a "religious film." Would you share some of your own personal beliefs? Briefly stated, I believe that Jesus Christ is Lord, the divine Son of God and true man. He's the pin-



Iago confronts Othello with the slain body of Desdemona at the shrine of the "Black Jesus."

Before he dies, Othello realizes that the purpose of life is not to demand perfection of others, but to give and receive compassionate love.

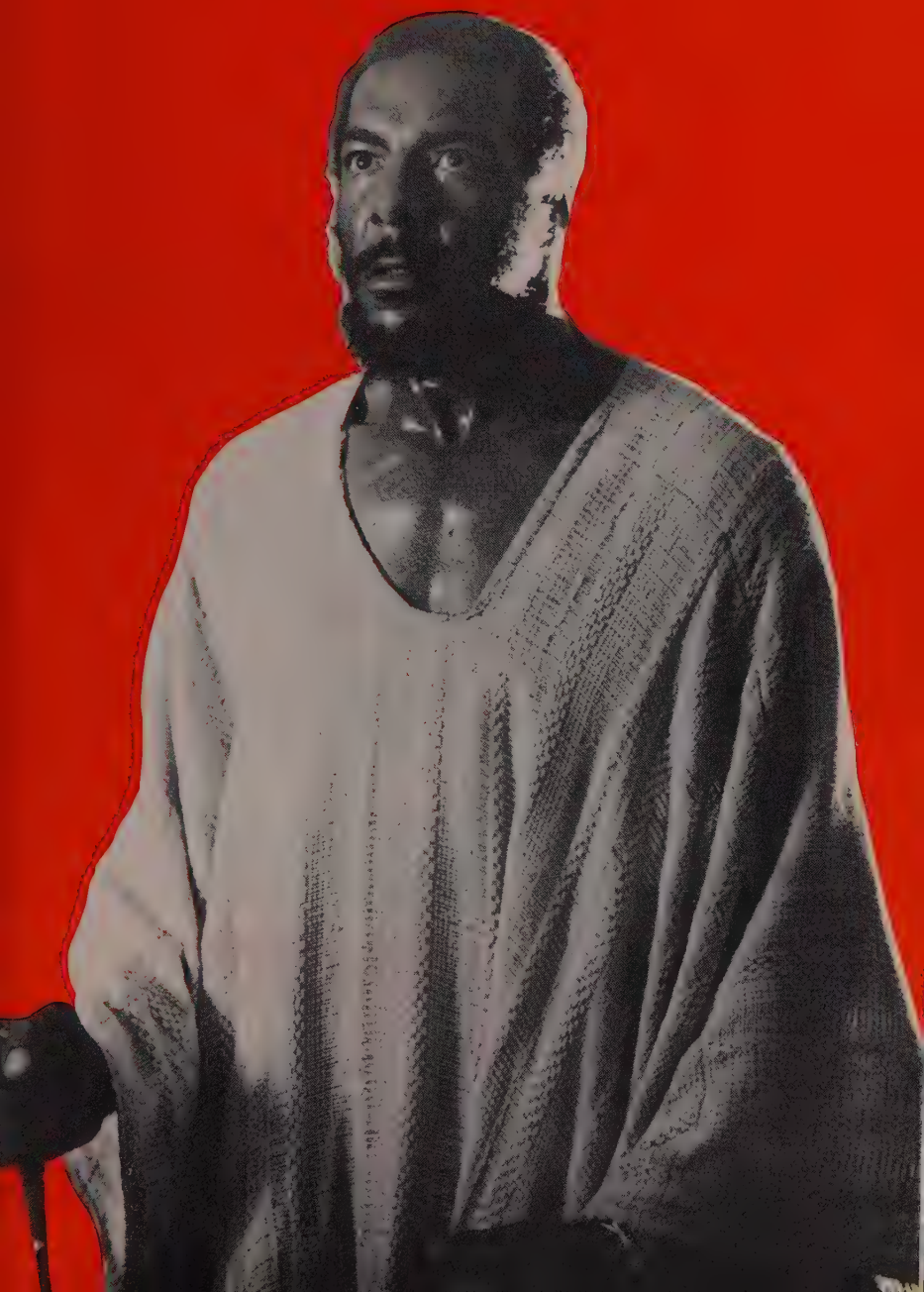
nacle of existence, the focus of life, the fulcrum upon which the story of the world balances, back and forth. I think Jesus is in this film—he is what suffers, loves and redeems. You see representations of him in Othello's chapel and in the lives of his followers. Up to the last moment, even when the black bus drives away, it looks like Satan has won the battle for Othello's soul. But Iago never does win—he still has to go on trying. And because God has created, he will subsist in spite of all the efforts of evil. I suppose this film is a darker one than many Christians

—especially the more conservative groups—would want to see. But I think, and hope, that most people will find in it a lot to engage their minds.

*Wash us clean, Lord, wash us pure
Your living water is the only cure.
Wash the seas, Lord, wash the skies
And wash the heart of Man
before he dies.*

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Is Anyone Really Free in South Africa?



Tim Smith

"From Court A, where Okker and I played our first-round doubles match, one can see some of the huge mounds of dirt from which 70 per cent of the world's gold is mined," wrote Arthur Ashe for an English newspaper in South Africa after his trip to that country. "With such a plentiful supply of cheap Black labor to mine the precious metal and to take care of menial jobs in the White homes, there is ample time for leisure in a city that enjoys California-type weather, and tennis provides an obvious outlet for it.

"I was told that there are 5000 tennis courts in Johannesburg and the part-time players who came to watch the pros in action were not disappointed. They not only saw some great tennis but also the raw beginnings of those 'breezes of change' which, I am optimistic enough to believe, will eventually bring a new way of life to southern Africa.

"They saw Asians, Africans, Coloureds, and Whites playing, eating, showering, sitting, talking and laughing together. Anywhere else in the world you might ask, 'So what?' But this was South Africa, where things like that are just not supposed to happen."

In the weeks that followed the appearance of his articles, edi-

This article is based on a first-hand account of a recent visitor to South Africa and on reliable documents and resources about South Africa.

torials in the white press discredited the articles, saying that they were **not** his own thinking. After all, Arthur Ashe was black and the thinking in the articles was too perceptive for a black man. Somebody else must have written those articles for him. He was "used," said the white press.

Before that trip, previous attempts by Arthur Ashe to enter and play in South Africa had failed. Even though he is a top U.S. tennis star, he is black, and in South Africa black and white athletes do not compete against each other. At that time, the outspoken Ashe had labelled such apartheid policies as "inhuman" and "abhorrent."

But eight months ago, he agreed to be a good visitor in exchange for a visa, permission to participate in the South African Open Championships with mixed stands in the stadium, permission to hold a tennis clinic in the squalid Soweto township (a separate area for blacks on the fringe of Johannesburg), and the freedom to meet with South Africans representing a relatively broad cross-section of the political spectrum.

While some interpreted his visit as a "breakthrough" and a possible sign of "erosion of apartheid," black leaders he met insisted Ashe should **not** have come there and that he was being "used" by the South African gov-

ernment to give their sports-crazy nation a better image to ease isolation by the rest of the sports world, especially in future Davis Cup and Olympic competition.

Symbolizing the two faces of South Africa were two gifts given to Arthur Ashe just as he was leaving the airport in Johannesburg. One gift was an official bouquet of flowers from Dr. Piet Koornhof, South African minister of sport, minister of mines, and minister of immigration—reputed to be the third most powerful man in his nation. A second gift was a secretly-delivered portrait of a person who had been "banned" for anti-government activities with a note on the back of the picture, which was cordial, but questioned the wisdom of Mr. Ashe's visit. One was a gesture of diplomatic goodwill and the other a secret message of defiance.

What makes South Africa so controversial to those who care? What's going on there, anyway? How can some observers compare it to a Hitler-type, police state, while others say black Africans never had it so good?

How can the United Nations continually condemn the acts of the South African government as illegal by international law and wrong according to the U.N. Declaration of Human Rights, while the controlling minority in South Africa seems to flaunt the world's moral outrage as proof of

the rightness of their action?

Why do some critics warn American investors in South Africa to withdraw their support before they lead the United States into another Vietnam-type military involvement, while others say, on the contrary, increased investments by foreign companies can improve the situation in South Africa?

How can some Christians in South Africa justify apartheid by Biblical proof and other Christians just as strongly oppose it through a similarly-determined, Bible-centered theology? But more importantly, why do most professed Christians elsewhere in the world turn their backs on South Africans—black and white—as if there were no problems at all?

South Africa is a republic occupying three times the land size of California. The 23 million people who live there are classified by the government into two basic groups—whites and non-whites. The non-whites include 16 million Africans (also called blacks or bantus), two million Coloureds (mixed races), and nearly one million Asians (mostly Indians). The whites include four million persons of European descent, including some 500,000 Afrikaners (of Boer or Dutch heritage). It is the Afrikaners who presently form the ruling minority of the country. Since 1948, the government has followed a racial policy known



Wide World Photos

Dr. Christiaan Barnard, South African heart surgeon, and Arthur Ashe, U.S. tennis star, chat during the athlete's recent trip to South Africa.

Arthur Ashe could not have written those articles, said the South African press, for no black is that perceptive.

as "apartheid." In reality, apartheid is a policy of white domination of politics, of the economy, and of every decision that affects the lives of all races in South Africa. Ironically, the government calls it "separate development" of the races with completely separate institutions, jobs and residences for whites and non-whites. Africans, Coloureds, Indians and Whites

actory for
General Motors
South African Ltd.

More and better things for more people

Three Lions



U.S. industrial firms are among the highest investors in the South African economy.

Would the U.S. government protect its U.S. investors in South Africa if a racial revolution broke out?

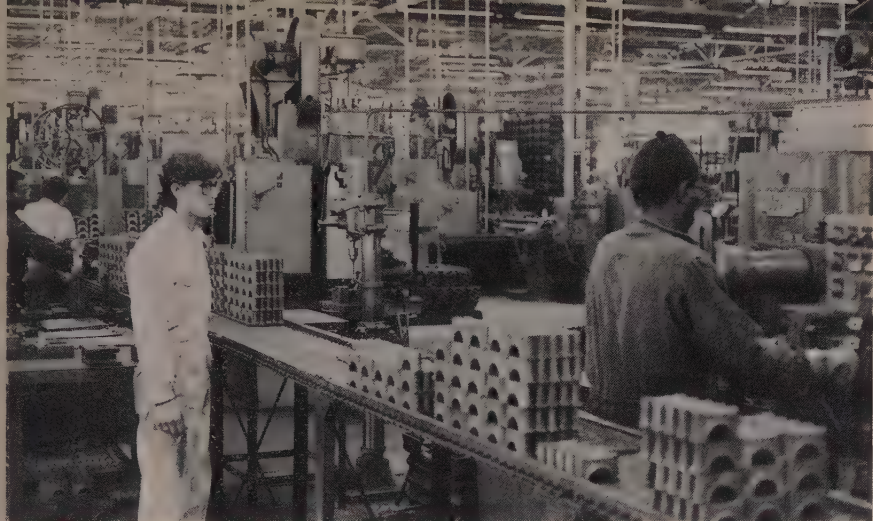
—each must attend different schools, work apart in the same factories, and live in separate neighborhoods. Even animals in the S.P.C.A. are caged in separate areas according to the skin color of their owners. Different buses, benches, beaches, restaurants, movie houses—each designated for “whites” and “non-whites.”

Apartheid is the law of the land, not just a matter of choice or of prejudice, although surely such exists and is fed by the system.

And so, a white lady can blandly explain over tea that the blacks are on a level a “bit above the apes—almost fully human.”

“I was born in South Africa and so were my parents; it is our country and we have no other. Full political rights to Blacks who have neither the education nor the experience to exercise them adequately would result in the destruction of what we have built up and might even bring about our expulsion from our own country. Separate development of races is our only hope; we have no other option.” — A white student from Johannesburg

Separation of the races starts early in life. Education for young whites in South Africa is free and compulsory. All others must pay school fees and for some there is



Tim Smith

No matter how skilled, black workers are not permitted to supervise over white workers in South African factories.

no room to attend school at all. Africans, who earn the least, must pay the most for their schooling. The state spends about \$340 a year on educating each white child, only \$30 for a black child, with Coloured and Indian in between these extremes. Over 90 percent of whites of high-school age go to school, but only 8.9 percent of the black young people go.

The students study within an educational system that is not only separate but very controlled. The curriculum developed by the state is different for each race and must be followed by the teachers. The approach to education is not to learn to question but merely to respond, to feed back. Outside experiences or speakers are not encouraged. And students learn both of the national languages—Eng-

lish and Afrikaans (the language of the ruling Afrikaners).

University education is also segregated and white-dominated. There aren't many choices in higher education, because everything has to come in four colors and it's too expensive duplicating too wide a variety of university or trade school educations.

I accompany a group of Coloured children from a school to the beach for Coloured (although I am white, I am permitted there as a chaperone). They tell me of "all what's over there" — indicating down the coast toward the beach for whites with a pool, slides, picnic area, etc. They ask why I don't go there a while and really have fun. I say that if we all can't go, then I don't want to go either. They nod with understanding. Then out



Only whites in South Africa can vote, have political parties, and be elected to Parliament.

To be “banned” in South Africa is to become a prisoner in your own home—and to be silenced!

of the silence, a little one about seven years old says, “But you could go and do **everything** and then come tell us of all what you did.”—A recent visitor to South Africa

Where people live and the land they own are also a part of the master plan for “separate development” of the races in South Africa. For the whites, the government has reserved 87 percent of the country, including nearly all arable land, mineral wealth, ports,

industrial areas, and every major town and city in the country. The remaining 13 percent of the land, which has been assigned to the Africans, is called Bantustans, or “Homelands.” According to their tribal backgrounds, the Africans are moved to these “Homelands,” often far from their place of birth and employment opportunities.

Such assignments to “Homelands” comes to black people who lose their jobs or are moved from family homesteads when the government claims their land.

Yet these African “Homelands” are the only area in the republic where blacks are allowed to obtain any kind of political rights. But even there, the tribal authority is a government appointee, and when eventual independence comes to a Bantustan, most normal affairs

of state will still be under the white regime. Only whites vote and hold office in Parliament.

“ . . . We know that whites do not think of blacks as politicians —only as agitators. Many of our people, through no fault of their own, have had no education. This does not mean that they do not know what they want. A person does not formally have to be educated to know that one wants to live with his family where one wants to live, and not where an official chooses to tell one to live; to move freely and not require a pass; to earn a decent wage, to be free to work for the person of one's choice for as long as one wants; and finally, to be ruled by the people that one wants to be ruled by, and not those who rule because they have more guns . . . The South African government creates hostility by separating people and emphasizing their differences. We believe that by living together, people will learn to lose their fear of each other.” —Toivo ja Toivo, founder of a political party in Namibia (South West Africa), as he spoke in his own defense at a trial in Pretoria before he was found guilty of opposing the South African government.

As for jobs, most Africans working in the cities are treated as temporary migrant laborers. For example, no African residing in a town by virtue of a work permit is entitled to have his wife and chil-

dren living with him unless he renounces all rights to live any place other than where the government sends him. Thus many men are forced to leave their families behind in the Bantustans while they go to the city to work on a yearly contract, living in prison-like, single-sex compounds, or “bachelor hotels.”

Whites can live and work wherever they choose. But African men and women have to carry passes, and they may only work and live where the stamp in the multi-page passbook, put there by a white official, decrees. Nearly 1800 people are prosecuted every day of the year for technical offenses under this pass law.

In the labor market, blacks fill the unskilled, uneducated, rural and migratory jobs. But when there aren't enough whites to fill the skilled jobs, blacks are paid less for doing the same work as a white laborer. Blacks are not permitted to work in a position where they supervise whites. And blacks can go to jail for striking and are not permitted collective bargaining, while whites organize trade unions and can strike for higher pay.

“The Republic of South Africa has always been regarded by foreign investors as a gold mine, one of those rare and refreshing places where profits are great and problems small. Capital is not threatened by political instability or nationalization. Labor is cheap, the

market booming, the currency hard and convertible."—**Fortune Magazine**, July 1972

Apartheid is profitable for whites, but not for "non-whites." Whites in South Africa have one of the highest standards of living in the world. Yet last year, while white wages averaged \$476.80 per month, black wages averaged \$59.60. This 8:1 gap between white and black wages is explained by South Africans as a normal ratio in an industrial society between skilled and unskilled wages. But the current "acceptable" ratio elsewhere in the world between skilled and unskilled is 1.4:1.

In South Africa, the whites who make up less than 20 percent of the population each year take home 76 percent of the wealth, while the blacks, 82 percent of the population, are left with only 23 percent of the wealth which they have played a major role in producing. A 1972 survey showed that 80 percent of all Africans live below the poverty line, which means the whole family is earning less than \$25 a week. Yet it is the Africans in South Africa who are most heavily taxed. And if a stamp certifying this payment does not appear in their passbook, they are arrested.

"United States investment in South Africa creates a powerful American vested interest in the future stability of South Africa, and in the continued survival of

Apartheid is the law of the land and "separate development of the races" is its justification by whites.

racial discrimination. . . . U.S. firms control nearly 50 percent of the auto market and 44 percent of the market for petroleum in South Africa. . . . U.S. corporations and the white South Africans become 'partners in apartheid'."—**Jennifer Davis in Event Magazine.**

The health of a people is mirrored not only in the quality of their life but how long they live. For example, the life expectancy rates of the different race groups reported last year by the South African minister of statistics were: white women, 72.3 years; white men, 64.5 years; Asian women, 63.9 years; Asian men, 59.3 years; Coloured women, 56.1 years; Coloured men, 48.8 years.

The minister of statistics said figures for black Africans were not available. One need not doubt that they are the lowest of all. One indicator is a report in the **South African Medical Journal**: Doctors found that at least half of all babies in a typical African Bantustan die before their fifth birthday. The death rate of African children in a Bantustan is 25 times that of white children. Tuberculosis, often



Tim Smith

White employers permit black domestics to do their shopping for them, to take care of their children, but not to stay overnight in white homes.



Carrying water on a Bantustan (a black "Homeland" area)
in Zululand in South Africa.



Tim Smith

This white home is symbolic of South Africa where whites have one of the highest standards of living in the world.

Already there are signs of unrest. The unanswered question hangs everywhere in the air.

linked to malnutrition, is ten times as common among Africans as whites, and is increasing.

"There is nothing in the history of South Africa's economic development to bear out the arguments that increasing industrialization must inevitably lead to improvement in the quality of life for everybody. For black people, the last 20 years of intensive economic growth have also been years of intensifying oppression and exploitation. White-black gaps

have widened, pass laws were tightened and extended to women, and the ten years between 1961 and 1971 set a record for the number of new discriminatory laws passed—98 of them—all based on the intention to perpetuate white supremacy. South Africa now has all the apparatus of a police state. . . ."—An exiled South African writing in **Event Magazine**.

Whites justify "separate development" as a natural way of allowing people to grow and develop at their own rate and in their own life style. It's wrong to impose the white values on other races, they say, and so the Africans should be permitted to live a simple, basic African way. The Coloureds like living close together, so housing is not the problem that critics think it is. And the whites say that



The Black Sash, a white women's organization, protests on Family Day that family life for Africans is broken up because of apartheid laws in South Africa.

One black leader believes: "By living together, people will learn to lose their fear of each other."

they have been accustomed to living like this and it's important for them.

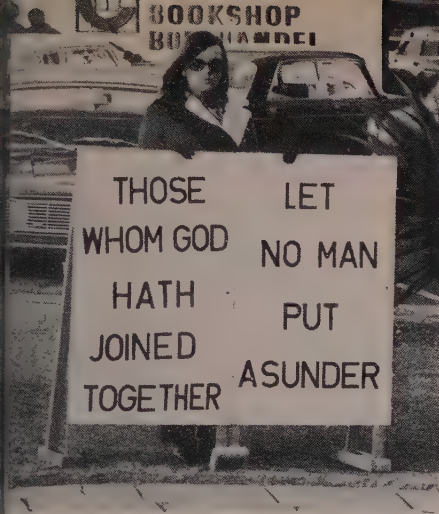
And what if the "non-whites" say that they don't really want to live in poverty but would like to live a higher standard of living? Such questions are aired through the public forums and press. If the person is too articulate and relevant, he is quickly "banned" so that he stops raising questions and can no longer speak publicly. If a person is not influential in his

protest, nobody seems obligated to respond.

No one is really free in South Africa. The blacks, who suffer daily hardships and indignities, fear for survival physically and spiritually. The whites, too, live in fear of the power of the blacks who outnumber them. How close is a bloody revolution? It is a question which hangs everywhere in the air . . . unasked . . . unanswered.

"The most drastic and frightening scenario that we face is one that pictures U.S. troops or U.S. military aid protecting U.S. investments against 'communism' in the time of a revolution in South Africa."—Tim Smith, Project Director, Interfaith Center on Corporate Responsibility

Those who struggle for some



sort of change—justice—must live in fear of loss of their freedom. They are likely to be watched—their phones tapped, their mail read, their passports removed. They are harassed; they are banned.

To be “banned” is to become silent and invisible. One day there comes a knock on the door and you are presented a paper which states that, because the government suspects you may be dangerous to the security of the state, you are for the next five years to consider yourself a banned person. You are never formally charged or proven guilty of anything. There is no trial, no defense. You become a prisoner in your own home: (1) You may not speak to or visit more than one person at a time. (2) You may not

attend any gatherings—a meeting, an educational class, or a party. (3) You may not communicate in any way with any other banned person. (4) You may not publish anything or be quoted by another. Anything you have previously written is now banned from sales. (5) You may not travel outside a prescribed number of kilometers from your home. (6) Your passport is removed. For some, on the 1825th day, there comes another knock on the door; another paper telling of yet another five years of life as a banned person.

Informers are many, well paid, and everywhere. **Every** school has at least one on the staff, every church has several in the congregation. In the black Soweto township, there are an estimated 6000 informers. And in Soweto there is this saying: “I need a car; I’ll sell my brother.” For some people, being an informer becomes the only means of providing funds for food and shelter for their family; for others, the consequences on their lives and on the lives of their relatives are too painful if they fail to cooperate by refusing to inform. Still others act in the belief that they are defending their country against dangerous elements which would wish to overthrow the government or usher in violent revolution or communism.

Censorship of movies and mail is known. And the government carefully watches the contents of

radio programs and newspapers. As yet, South Africa has no television, but a government-controlled TV network is promised by 1976.

Despite the dangers, there are those who continue to resist apartheid. Since laws carefully structure life, they look for ways within, around, and even against the law to create room to live for all.

"A university professor who is banned and hence prohibited from teaching class or going onto the campus, parks his car on the street bordering the campus. There he sits, receiving in his car one by one, students who wish to consult him. Others wait, sitting on the lawn nearby, munching sandwiches."—A recent visitor to South Africa

Some churches begin to question the role of Christians in such a society. This is not easy, for beyond the question of prejudice and sharing, lies the reality of people speaking very different languages and living far from one another's churches.

The church of those in power—the Dutch Reformed Church—continues to preach from its pulpits of the white responsibility to rule and of the sinfulness of the black descendants of Cain.

And among the blacks are stirrings of change, not only within their churches, but also among laborers and students. Although it is illegal to strike, African workers went on strike last year in such

The whites, who make up less than 20 per cent of the population, take home 76 per cent of the nation's wealth.

numbers that concessions were made and no one was arrested. When students walked out of the Coloured University of the Western Cape in protest over discrimination among administration officials and among faculty and over the quality of education, they were supported by a public rally of 12,000. Now the school has its first black rector and all students were readmitted without threatened complications.

Will loneliness, isolation or bitterness swallow those who see the structured violence of the system, who feel the pain? Will the frustrations of those whose bodies are fed to fuel the factories and mines of the white "bosses" one day explode? Will those who rule succeed in silencing and suppressing the resisters? Will the people be satisfied with the heavy porridge of their propaganda? South Africa is people—23 million of them. Each holds a piece of the answer to the puzzle of this country so rich and so beautiful, which bleeds. □



Tim Smith

Since public parks are for whites only, blacks eat their lunch along the curb.

CITY COUNCIL OF PRETORIA PARKS DEPARTMENT.

THIS PARK BELONGS TO THE
CITIZENS AND IS UNDER THEIR
PROTECTION. NO DOGS, PEDAL
AND MOTOR CYCLES ARE
ALLOWED IN THESE GROUNDS.
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THESE GROUNDS, EXCEPT IN
ATTENDANCE ON EUROPEANS
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CHILDREN. ANY PERSON WHO
SHALL PICK, DAMAGE, REMOVE OR
DESTROY ANY FLOWERS, PLANT,
SHRUB OR TREE WILL BE PROSECUTED.

STADSRAAD AFDELING

HIERDIE PARK
DIE STADSE
STAAN ONDER
GEEN HONDE
FIETSE WORD
TOEGELAAT NI
NIE OP NIE
NIE, TENSY NI
OF BLANKE NI
IEMAND WAT
PLANT, STRU
BESKADIG, V
VERNIEL, SAL

RESOURCES

BOOKS

Cry, the Beloved Country, by Alan Paton, Scribner, N.Y. (1948) \$1.95.

Let My People Go, by Albert Luthuli, World Publishing Co., N.Y. (1969) \$3.45.

Oxford History of South Africa, editors, Leonard Thompson and Monica Wilson, Oxford University Press, London (1970).

South African Dialogue, edited by Nic Rhoodie, The Westminster Press, Philadelphia. \$12.50.

Southern Africa: A Time for Change, editor, George M. Daniels, Friendship Press, N.Y. (1969) \$1.95.

Church Investments, Corporations and Southern Africa, compiled by Corporation Information Center, Friendship Press, N.Y. (1973) \$3.95.

PUBLICATIONS

Southern Africa magazine (\$5 yearly subscription), Southern Africa Committee, 244 W. 27th St., 5th Floor, New York, N.Y. 10010.

"Namibia", February-March 1974 issue of **Event** magazine, 50 cents. **Event**, 426 South Fifth St., Minneapolis, Minn. 55415. (A special issue dealing with South West Africa, also known as Namibia, and its struggle for independence from South Africa.)

FILMS

"The Dumping Ground", 27 min., b & w, 1970, \$15 rental (A documentary on the appalling conditions in the "re-location centers" set up by the white South African government as part of its "repatriation" program)

"End of the Dialogue", 45 min.,

color, 1970, \$25 rental (A documentary of apartheid in South Africa made secretly by members of the banned Pan-Africanist Congress. Some viewers think this film is biased and oversimplified, but it engages the viewer and leads to intensive discussion)

Both films can be rented from Office for Audio-Visuals, United Church of Christ, 600 Grand Ave., Ridgefield, N.J. 07657, or 512 Burlington Ave., La Grange, Ill. 60525.

ORGANIZATIONS

(for further information)

American Committee on Africa, 164 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016 (For listing of literature and films)

Information Service of South Africa, 655 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10021 (Resources from the government's point of view)

Unit on Apartheid, United Nations, New York, N.Y. 10017

Southern Africa Committee, 244 West 27th St., 5th Floor, New York, N.Y. 10010 (Information and literature, plus a monthly magazine, **Southern Africa**)

Corporate Information Center, 475 Riverside Drive, Room 846, New York, N.Y. 10027 (For corporate information and research)

New World Resource Center, 2546 North Halstead, Chicago, Ill. 60614 (Midwest literature distribution center)

Washington Office on Africa, 110 Maryland Ave., Washington, D.C. 20002 (Information on legislative actions on South Africa)

National offices for world missions of your church

WHAT YOU CAN DO

1. Start with yourself in your own situation. Before you criticize the South Africans for living in separate neighborhoods from other races and for not visiting one another, ask yourself: how many times have I eaten with a family of another race or walked down their ghetto streets? You can best help other people with their racial bias when you can identify and cope with your own bias. And while championing justice abroad, ask yourself: What have my friends and I done where we live to correct injustices that are caused by racial bias and separation?

2. Look, listen and learn. Be open to input about South Africa. Look for books and articles about what's going on there. If you need an excuse to research the subject, volunteer to write a paper on South Africa for school. Weigh the arguments of white South Africans and other defenders of apartheid against the voices coming from the United Nations, black leaders, and those opposing apartheid.

3. Alert those around you to the issues of South Africa. Write letters to your school paper or the local press. Talk about it in the classroom at school or church. Urge groups you belong to or teachers of appropriate classes to put South Africa on their agenda. Sponsor a seminar, a speaker, a film, a forum, a discussion, or a

teach-in. Alert the media to the importance of South African news.

4. Prod the political power structure. Contact your congressmen, State Department officials, legislators you respect, the ambassador to the United Nations, and the President to express your concerns about the situation in South Africa and what you think they can do about it. To inform yourself about current legislation on South Africa, write to the Washington Office on Africa.

5. Money talks and so can you. Check with the Corporate Information Center for a list and information about U.S. companies in Southern Africa. Write the companies letting them know that you are concerned about their presence, policies, and practices in South Africa. If you object to what you see or hear, protest. Some have even boycotted products of companies investing in South Africa. Some have opposed all tourism to white-dominated sections of Africa. Some have called for a ceasing of sports exchanges between their own country and South Africa (International Campaign Against Racism in Sports—ICARIS, 619 Library Place, Evanston, Ill. 60201). Some support liberation movements in Africa.

6. Decide for yourself. Even if it's small, do what you feel you must do. Your answers will be different from others, because people are different. But do not be indifferent.



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